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S. MORRIS HULIN, Proprietor. Established 1873.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

BEATING FATHER TIME.

The Mormon Bishop Was Frightened at the Railroad Speed.

He was on a western road in a fashion to catch the hair of at least one old Mormon bishop. The chorizoan considered it a wise idea to get off the train as quickly as he could. He had half whacked across the plains in the early days, and, strange to say, had never ridden on a railroad train since the time when he entered upon his travels from Oregon to San Francisco. The speed was, therefore, a revelation to him. He had never before seen anything so swift, and he was scared. About 12 miles from Ogden he asked the conductor for the time of day and was told it was 7:10 A. M. He repeated this time faithfully to his bishop.

Now, for a wonder, the western connection at Ogden was quickly made, and after the lapse of a few minutes the San Francisco bound travelers were on their way Californiaward. Ogden had been left behind only because, and that was why, when whizzing along at behind time rate of speed, when the old bishop, frightened and trembling, dared to ask the conductor what was the time of day.

If you have traveled westward, you know that at Ogden the time changes, the San Francisco time, one hour earlier, is observed. The conductor had San Francisco time, and he said:

"It is 7:10—ten minutes after 7."

The old bishop, presently hastened by a dread of impending destruction because of the horrible rate of speed at which he was being whirled through space, rose with a wild cry and made for the door.

"Leave off!" he cried. "It was 35 minutes after 7 an hour ago, and we're going so fast we are going faster than time can count itself. Leave off."

Had he really been going as fast as the old man had believed, he would surely have been beaten to his death as he jumped from the train. As it was he was only rolled something like a half mile and was dashed back to Ogden on a hand car. —Chicago Record.

THE FROZEN BREEZE.

A Strange Phenomenon Observed by a Lover of Nature.

You might have seen one if you had gone with me into the country one winter morning.

This was the way it came to be frozen: All night long the air had been laden with mist. Over the fields and hollows, through the woods, even on top of the hill, the fog hung heavily. All that time the wind blew steadily, but not fiercely, from some northern quarter.

At nightfall the mercury fell below the freezing point, so that this mist, as it whirled about the trees, was frozen to their branches and twigs. The elms, the oaks and the other leafless trees took their ice coating quite evenly, but the thick, impenetrable masses of the needles of the pine trees were covered noticeably only on the sides toward the north, from the wind and the wind came.

The steady, cold, north wind blew down in the morning, the wind was down just there, leaning to the southward, iced and frozen to immobility, but looked just as if the wind were still, really having stopped.

In the afternoon, when the rain began to fall and the wind came from quite another quarter, that north wind of the night before still remained white and frozen over the piney woods, the pale, rigid corpse of a thing once keenly alive.—Listener in Country.

Transvaal Gold.

Of his recent extended study of the gold resources of South Africa Dr. Becker says that the Transvaal is not merely one of the world's great mining centers, but has been brought out by the editor of the Krugersdorp Sentinel. One of the provisions of the law is that the name and address of the editor shall be printed on each number of the paper. So far as the name goes that is easy enough, but for the address it is another matter. At any rate, the editor in question thus became his lot and shows "6 dunroon when 'e are!" With every desire to obey the law, we would respectfully point out that until some civilized method of denoting houses is adopted in Krugersdorp full compliance with that part of the law will be impossible. It is the editor's desire that his house be known in a street without any number, situate in a house without any number, in a street without a name. It has been hinted that the desired information may be found at the sanitary board. Our only difficulty is to find some one who knows where to find the sanitary board. In the meantime the editor will be glad if any one can tell him where he lives."

Eccentric Joseph Willard.

The late Joseph Willard of Washington was noted for his eccentricities. A expert in this city once desired to have his name engraved on a tablet to be placed in the hall of the Washington hotel by Mr. Willard, but the latter refused to sell the tablet, as he did speak.

"That's exactly what we want," said the man. "The last man we had seemed to be only a bill poster." —Indianapolis Journal.

The Best Thing.

"I suppose there were some bright things in Mrs. Lionnenter's literary dinner party last night?"

"A few."

"Who got off the most interesting?"

"The butler—when he remarked that dinner was ready." —Illustrated Bits.

The sound of thunder may be heard for 20 or 25 miles; with the car to the ground, much farther. Lightning is reflected for 150 to 200 miles.

From New York to Caribou involves a voyage of 2,944 miles.

Call and see the 1897 Cleveland and Crescents at Coggeshall and Smiths. Open evenings. Next to post office.

The Exact Moment of Death.

Dr. D. Ferguson writes to The Lancet: "Perhaps one of your medical writers may be in a position to give me an answer to the following query. It has occurred to me, as no doubt also to every medical man in active practice, to what extent the heart is exposed to the weapons of his enemies when he is in the field of battle. It is almost impossible to tell the exact moment of dissection. When the last few convulsive spasms take place, we simply wait to see if they will be repeated, and after a while a few moments pass, and everything remaining quiescent we conclude that that is the time of decease."

There is one sign, however, which I think indicates much more clearly the exact moment when life is extinct. We have read many times in poetical effusions and elegant discourses of a phrase such as 'the spirit of life is snatched away.' What this may be owing to I cannot say, but can only vouch for the fact. I have never heard of it being taken away merely metaphorically, comes very near, I believe, to reality. If any one who watches closely the few last spasmodic spasms of the dying, will hear in many cases a peculiar snap somewhere in the region of the heart, and it is to be heard in a man, and especially primitive man, used the right hand to fight with and the left to protect the heart and to ward off the blows directed to that region. When, therefore, arms of offense and defense were introduced and replaced teeth, the right hand, the right hand was withdrawn, and it is to be seen that the left held the shield and buckler before the region of the heart.

The enormous difference between the use of the right and the left hand in our present civilization has the very same effect. The right hand is used for the left, and the nerves of the right side were brought into evidence during a combat, but it soon sprang and became universal. Since the introduction of lethal weapons the right hand became naturally accustomed to the manipulation of the lance, the sword and the spear, and the nerves of the right side were more liable and more under the control of the will than the muscles of the left side—New York Ledger.

An Interrupted Journey.

He arrived in Newark from San Fran—  
an agreeable fellow whose face is a permanent indication of good nature stored within—and sat down beside a little girl whose mother was on the other side of her. Possibly he might not have been fully brought into trouble had he let the child do all his thinking for him.

"Mamma," whispered the child, "is this a last man over here?"

"Hush, Nellie!" replied the mother in an undertone.

"But I'm afraid he's a bad man, mamma."

"No, keep quiet."

"But you said bad men talked to strange ladies in the cars, and I thought he was one. I wish you'd move that man."

But it wasn't necessary. The good natured man lost his smile, and suddenly realized that he had an errand in the vicinity that caused that traveler to bounded up and out like a flash, a victim to his own desire to be friendly.

—Detroit Free Press.

Courtney.

The press law in the Transvaal is not merely open—it has been judicialized and has been well brought out by the editor of the Krugersdorp Sentinel. One of the provisions of the law is that the name and address of the editor shall be printed on each number of the paper. So far as the name goes that is easy enough, but for the address it is another matter. At any rate, the editor in question thus became his lot and shows "6 dunroon when 'e are!" With every desire to obey the law, we would respectfully point out that until some civilized method of denoting houses is adopted in Krugersdorp full compliance with that part of the law will be impossible. It is the editor's desire that his house be known in a street without a name. It has been hinted that the desired information may be found at the sanitary board. Our only difficulty is to find some one who knows where to find the sanitary board. In the meantime the editor will be glad if any one can tell him where he lives."

A Special of a Bear Editor.

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President John Smith.

THE STORY OF A PEACEFUL REVOLUTION.

President John Smith.

President John Smith.